I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeede.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and* Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It raines downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in (teares
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will shee none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How now, how now, chopt logick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud Mistrisse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioints gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

Out you greene sickneſſ
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are
Iu. Good Father, I b
Heare me with patience
Fa. Hang thee young
I tell thee what, get the
Or neuer after looke me
Speake not, replie not, d
My fingers itch, wife, w
That God had lent vs b
But now I see this one is
And that we haue a curs
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen
You are too blame my L
Fa. And why my Lad
Good Prudence, smatte
Nur. I speake no trea
Father, O Godigeden,
May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mum
Vtter your grauitie ore a
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it ma
Day, night, houre, tide, t
Alone in companie, stil
To haue her matcht, and
A Gentleman of noble
Of faire demeanes, your
Stuft as they say with ho
Proportioned as ones th
And then to haue a wret
A whining mammet, in
To answere, Ile not wed

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3